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MARRIAGE CHIMES

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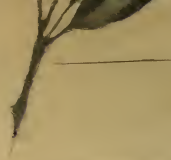

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ASA R MINARD & CO

MARRIAGE CHIMES FOR TRUE LOVERS

A COLLECTION OF POEMS ON LOVE MARRIAGE HOME

COMPILED BY

M. C. HAZARD, Ph.D.

FEB 9 1897

65837-B2-1

BOSTON

The Pilgrim Press

BEACON STREET

(1896)

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12-34077

CONTENTS

I

LOVE

	PAGE
Fidelity of Love	15
Love's Fulfilling	15
Not a Summer Mood	13
Quotations from	
Philip James Bailey	5
Elizabeth Barrett Browning	10
Bulwer-Lytton	11
Lord Byron	8
Susan Coolidge	12
Benjamin Disraeli	13
Ralph Waldo Emerson	13
Henry W. Longfellow	5
Johann Christoph Friedrich von Schiller	9
Sir Walter Scott	7
William Shakespeare	7
Madame de Staël	12
Charles Swain	11
Alfred Tennyson	11
William Makepeace Thackeray	10
Martin Farquhar Tupper	12
What Love Is	16
Young Love	14

Contents

II

LOVE'S AVOWAL

PAGE

A Fair Bargain 29
A Spring-Love Song 31
At the Feet of My Love 30
Ay or No 21
In the Evening Time 23
My Jeanie 32
O Happy Love 21
Ruth 28
The Courtin' 24

III

LOVE'S DEVOTION

A Chain 52
A Deathless Flower 52
A Lover's Vow 48
A Red, Red Rose 46
Beauty Unseen 47
Do I Love Thee? 39
Enduring Love 37
Far Sweeter 49
I Cannot Help Loving Thee 45
I Count My Times 40
My Queen 51
My White Rose 44
She Is Coming 38
The Kiss of One Girl 40
The Little Rift 50
The Might of One Fair Face 50
What I Would Ask for Thee 41
You and I 42

IV

MARRIAGE

PAGE

A Winsome Wee Thing 66
Love's Preludes 64
Now the Rite is Done 58
Our Wedding Day 63
The Lord's Blessing 61
The Married Lover 65
The Primal Marriage Blessing 59
Two Loves 57

V

THE HOME

A Golden Day 78
A Phantom of Delight 76
A True Home 74
Home Joys 80
My Wife 79
Not Four Square Walls 70
O Happy House 71
Our Home 72
Respectful Love 79
The King and Kingdom 69
We Fell Out 77

VI

LIFE-LOVERS

Never Old 89
Summer in the Heart 87
The Wedding Anniversary 89
Thou and I 92
Three Loves in a Life 85

FLOWER MEANINGS.

A key to the interpretation of the floral embellishments which appear in this book.

ROSE = *Love.*
PINK = *Pure and ardent affection.*
TULIP = *Declaration of love.*
LILY-OF-THE-VALLEY = *Return of happiness.*
HONEYSUCKLE = *Devoted affection.*
DAISY = *Innocence.*
IVY = *Fidelity.*
LILY = *Purity.*
WOODBINE = *Fraternal love.*
HAWTHORN = *Hope.*
BAY LEAF = *I change but in death.*
BLUEBELL = *Constancy.*

LOVE

Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal
upon thine arm:
For love is strong as death.

* * * * *

Many waters cannot quench love,
Neither can the floods drown it.

— *Cant. 8: 6, 7*

LOVE

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY

ASK not of me, love, what is love?
Ask what is good of God above —
Ask of the great sun what is light —
Ask what is darkness of the night —
Ask sin of what may be forgiven —
Ask what is happiness of heaven —
Ask what is folly of the crowd —
Ask what is fashion of the shroud —
Ask what is sweetness of thy kiss —
Ask of thyself what beauty is.
— *Festus*

The sweetest joy, the wildest woe is love.
— *Festus*

The truth of truths is love.
— *Festus*

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

IT is a dream, sweet child! a waking dream,
A blissful certainty, a vision bright
Of that rare happiness, which even on earth
Heaven gives to those it loves.
— *The Spanish Student*

Marriage Chimes

Love is the root of creation; God's essence; worlds without number
Lie in his bosom like children; he made them for this purpose only:
Only to love and to be loved again; he breathed forth His spirit
Into the slumbering dust, and upright standing, it laid its
Hand on its heart, and felt it was warm with a flame out of heaven.

— *Children of the Lord's Supper*

It is difficult to know at what moment love begins; it is less difficult to know that it has begun.

— *Kavanagh*

Love keeps the cold out better than a cloak.
It serves for food and raiment.

— *The Spanish Student*

So these lives that had run thus far in separate channels,
Coming in sight of each other, then swerving and flowing asunder,
Parted by barriers strong, but drawing nearer and nearer,
Rushed together at last, and one was lost in the other.

— *Courtship of Miles Standish*

Sir Walter Scott

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

— *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*

True love 's the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven.

* * * * *

It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind.

— *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*

William Shakespeare

Good shepherd, tell this youth what 't is to love.
It is to be all made of sighs and tears;

* * * * *

It is to be all made of faith and service;

* * * * *

It is to be all made of fantasy.

— *As You Like It*

A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind.
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound.

— *Love's Labour's Lost*

Except I be by Sylvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale.

— *Two Gentlemen of Verona*

What! keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eight-score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight-score times?
Oh, weary reckoning!

— *Othello*

LORD BYRON

YES, Love indeed is light from heaven;
A spark of that immortal fire
With angels shared, by Allah given,
To lift from earth our low desire.

— *The Giaour*

Oh Love! young Love! bound in thy rosy band,
Let sage and cynic prattle as he will,
These hours, and only these, redeem life's years of ill.

— *Childe Harold. Canto II*

O that the desert were my dwelling-place,
With one fair spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And, hating no one, love but only her!

— *Childe Harold. Canto IV*

She knew she was by him beloved — she knew,
For quickly comes such knowledge, that his heart
Was darken'd with her shadow.

— *The Dream*

She was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
Which terminated all.

— *The Dream*

Johann Christoph Friedrich von Schiller

Blessed through love are the gods — through love
Their bliss to ourselves is given;
Heavenlier through love is the heaven above
And love makes the earth a heaven.

— *The Triumph of Love*

Love can sun the Realms of Light!

— *The Triumph of Love*

Marriage Chimes

William Makepeace Thackeray

It is best to love wisely, no doubt; but to love foolishly is better than not to be able to love at all.

— *Pendennis*

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

I would not be a rose upon the wall
A queen might stop at, near the palace door,
To say to a courtier, "Pluck that rose for me,
It 's prettier than the rest." O Romney Leigh!
I 'd rather far be trodden by his foot
Than lie in a great queen's bosom.

— *Aurora Leigh*

Behold me! I am worthy
Of thy loving, for I love thee!

— *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*

Then we talked — oh, how we talked! her voice so cadenced in the talking,
Made another singing — of the soul! a music without bars —
While the leafy sounds of woodlands, humming round where we were walking,
Wrought interposition worthy sweet — as skies above the stars.

— *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*

ALFRED TENNYSON

LOVE lieth deep; Love dwells not in lip-depths.

— *The Lover's Tale*

Love reflects the thing beloved.

— *In Memoriam*

Love 's too precious to be lost,
A little grain shall not be spilt.

— *In Memoriam*

BULWER-LYTTON

LOVE has no thought of self!
Love buys not with the ruthless usurer's gold
The loathsome prostitution of a hand
Without a heart. Love sacrifices all things
To bless the thing it loves.

— *The Lady of Lyons*

CHARLES SWAIN

LOVE is not to be bought — 't is of the soul
The noblest element, the spirit bond
That links the angel with humanity.
As well might'st thou attempt to purchase heaven,
To vend the stars, make traffic of the skies,
Or measure out what is immeasurable,
As count each feeling in the pulse of love.

Marriage Chimes

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER

LOVE! what a volume in a word! an ocean in a tear!
A seventh heaven in a glance! a heaven in a sigh!
The lightning in a touch! a millenium in a moment!
What concentrated joy, or woe, in bless'd or. blighted love!

MADAME DE STAËL

LOVE is the emblem of eternity: it confounds all notion of time: effaces all memory of a beginning, all fear of an end.

— *Corinne*

Love knows no motive, it seems to be a divine power that works and thinks within us, taking entire possession of us, our having no control over it.

— *Corinne*

SUSAN COOLIDGE

THANK God for Love: though Love may hurt and wound,
Though set with sharpest thorns its rose may be;
Roses are not of winter; all attuned
Must be the earth, full of soft stir, and free
And warm, ere dawns the rose upon its tree.

— *Benedicam Domino*

BENJAMIN DISRAELI

We are all born for love. It is the principle of existence and its only end.

— *Sybil*

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Love, which is the essence of God, is not for levity, but for the total worth of man.

— *Essay. Of Friendship*

All mankind love a lover.

— *Essay. Of Love*

NOT A SUMMER MOOD

Oh, Love is not a summer mood,
Nor flying phantom of the brain,
Nor youthful fever of the blood,
Nor dream, nor fate, nor circumstance.
Love is not born of blinded chance,
Nor bred in simple ignorance.

Love is the flower of maidenhood;
Love is the fruit of mortal pain;
And she hath winter in her blood.
True Love is steadfast as the skies,
And once alight she never flies;
And Love is strong, and Love is wise.

— *Richard Watson Gilder*

YOUNG LOVE

O SPLENDID sun that shone above!
O green magnificence of Earth!
Born once into that land of love,
No life can know a second birth.

Dear, boyish heart, that trembled so
With bashful fear and fond unrest, —
More frightened than a dove, to know
Another bird within its nest!

Sharp thrills of doubt, with hopes that came,
Fond words addressed, — each word a pang;
Then — hearts baptized with heavenly flame.
How like the morning stars ye sang!

Love bound ye with his holiest link,
The faith in each that asks no more.
And led ye from the sacred brink
Of mysteries he held in store.

Love led ye, children, from the bowers
Where Strength and Beauty find his crown:
Ye were not ripe for mortal flowers;
God's angel brought an amaranth down.

— *Bayard Taylor*

FIDELITY OF LOVE

LET me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alterations finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
Oh, no! it is an ever-fixéd mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken.
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth 's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love 's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

— *Shakespeare, Sonnet cxvi*

LOVE'S FULFILLING

OH, Love is weak
Which counts the answers and the gains,
Weighs all the losses and the pains,
And eagerly each fond word drains
A joy to seek.

Marriage Chimes

When Love is strong
It never tarries to take heed,
Or know if its return exceed
Its gift; in its sweet haste no greed,
No strifes belong.

It hardly asks
If it be loved at all; to take
So barren seems, when it can make
Such bliss, for the beloved's sake,
Of bitter tasks.

Its ecstasy
Could find death so beauteous,
It sees through tears how Christ loved us.
And speaks, in saying "I love thus,"
No blasphemy.

So much we miss
If Love is weak, so much we gain
If Love is strong, God thinks no pain
Too sharp or lasting to ordain
To teach us this.

— *Helen Hunt Jackson*

WHAT LOVE IS

Love is not made of kisses, or of sighs,
Of clinging hands, or of the sorceries
And subtle witchcrafts of alluring eyes.

Love is not made of broken whispers; no!
Nor of the blushing cheek, whose answering glow
Tells that the ear has heard the accents low.

Love is not made of tears, nor yet of smiles,
Of quivering lips, or of enticing wiles:
Love is not tempted; he himself beguiles.

This is Love's language, but this is not Love.

If we know aught of Love, how shall we dare
To say that this is Love, when well aware
That these are common things, and Love is rare?

As separate streams may, blending, ever roll
In course united, so, of soul to soul,
Love is the best union of the whole.

As molten metals mingle; as a chord
Swells in sweet harmony; when Love is Lord,
Two hearts are one, as letters form a word.

One heart, one mind, one soul, and one desire,
A kindred fancy, and a sister fire
Of thought and passion; these can Love inspire.

This makes a heaven of earth; for this is Love.

— *Chambers' Journal*

LOVE'S
AVGWAL

And still, when a pair of lovers meet,
There's a sweetness in the air, unearthly sweet,
That savors still of that happy retreat
Where Eve by Adam was courted,
Whilst the joyous thrush and the gentle dove
Woo'd their mates in the boughs above,
And the serpent, as yet, only sported.

— *Thomas Hood, "Miss Kilmansegg"*

LOVE'S AVOWAL

AY OR NO

WHERE is another sweet as my sweet,
Fine of the fine, and shy of the shy?
Fine little hands, fine little feet —
Dewy blue eye!
Shall I write to her? shall I go?
Ask her to marry me by and by?
Somebody said that she 'd say No;
Somebody knows that she 'll say Ay!

Ay or No, if asked to her face?
Ay or No, from shy of the shy?
Go, little letter, apace, apace,
Fly!
Fly to the light in the valley below —
Tell my wish to her dewy blue eye:
Somebody said that she 'd say No;
Somebody knows that she 'll say Ay!

— *Alfred Tennyson*

O HAPPY LOVE

BUT hark! a rap comes gently to the door.
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.

The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
Wi' heart-struck anxious care, inquires his
name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;
Weel pleased the mother hears it 's nae
wild, worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben,
A strappan youth; he takes the mother's eye;
Blithe Jenny sees the visit 's no ill ta'en;
The father cracks of horses, pleughs and
kye;
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows with
joy,
But, blate and laithfu', scarce can weel be-
have,
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' and
sae grave;
Weel pleased to think her bairn 's respected
like the lave.

O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heartfelt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I 've paced this weary mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare:—
"If heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure
spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,

'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents
the evening gale."

— *From Burns' "Cottar's Saturday Night"*

IN THE EVENING TIME

TOGETHER we walked in the evening
time,
Above us the sky spread golden and clear,
And he bent his head and looked in my eyes,
As if he held me of all most dear.
Oh, it was sweet in the evening time!

Grayer the light grew and grayer still,
The rooks flitted home through the purple
shade;
The nightingales sang where the thorns
stood high,
As I walked with him in the woodland
glade.
Oh, it was sweet in the evening time!

And our pathway went through fields of
wheat;
Narrow that path and rough the way,
But he was near, and the birds sang true,
And the stars came out in the twilight gray.
Oh, it was sweet in the evening time!

Softly he spoke of the days long past.
Softly of blessed days to be:
Close to his arm and closer I prest.
The cornfield path was Eden to me.
Oh, it was sweet in the evening time!

And the latest gleams of daylight died:
My hand in his enfolded lay:
We swept the dew from the wheat as we passed,
For narrower, narrower, wound the way.
Oh, it was sweet in the evening time!

He looked in the depth of my eyes, and said,
"Sorrow and gladness will come for us, sweet;
But together we 'll walk through the fields of life,
Close as we walked through the fields of wheat."

— *A. C. C.*

THE COURTIN'

God makes sech nights, all white and still
Fur 'z you can look or listen.
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up, quite unbeknown,
An' peeked in thru' the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
'Ith no one nigh to hender.

* * * * *

The very room, coz she was in,
Seemed warm from floor to ceilin'.
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
Ez the apples she was peelin'

'T was kin' o' kingdom-come to look
On sech a blessed cretur,
A dogrose blushin' to a brook
Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A 1,
Clean grit an' human natur';
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton
Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He 'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
Had squired 'em, danced 'em, druv' 'em,
Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells —
All is, he couldn't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
All crinkly like curled maple;
The side she breshed felt full o' sun
Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

Marriage Chimes

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
  Ez hisn in the choir;
My! when he made Ole Hunderd ring,
  She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

An' she blushed scarlit, right in prayer,
  When her new meetin' bunnet
Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair
  O' blue eyes set upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some!*
  She seemed to 've got a new soul,
For she felt sartin-sure he 'd come,
  Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,
  A raspin' on the scraper, —
All ways to once her feelin's flew
  Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
  Some doubtful o' the sekle,
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
  But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk
  Ez though she wished him furder,
An' on her apples kep' to work,
  Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"
"Wal . . . . no . . . . I come designin'"
"To see my Ma? She 's sprinklin' clo'es
Agin to-morrer's i'nin'."

To say why gals acts so or so,
Or do n't, 'ould be presumin';
Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*
Comes nateral to wimmin.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t'other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I 'd better call agin";
Says she, "Think likely, Mister";
Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
An' . . . . . Wal, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
Whose naturs never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer mind
Snowhid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
  Too tight for all expressin'.
Till mother see how matters stood.
  And gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
  Down to the Bay o' Fundy.
An' all I know is they was cried
  In meetin' come next Sunday.

—*James Russell Lowell*

RUTH

She stood breast high amid the corn.
  Clasped by the golden light of morn.
Like the sweetheart of the sun.
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush.
Deeply ripened, — such a blush
In the midst of brown was born.
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell:
Which were blackest none could tell.
But long lashes veiled a light.
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim: —
Thus she stood among the stocks,
Praising God with sweetest looks:

Sure, I said, heaven did not mean
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean;
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

— *Thomas Hood*

A FAIR BARGAIN

My true love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one to the other given:
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss;
There never was a better bargain driven:
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
My heart in him his thought and senses guides:
He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
I cherish his because in me it bides:
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

— *Sir Philip Sidney*

AT THE FEET OF MY LOVE

A song — to lay at the feet of My Love, —
Something that when the singing is done,
And the singer himself hath passed away,
May recall the voice of the absent one
And the whispered love of a vanished day, —
This would I lay at the feet of My Love.

A rose — to lay at the feet of My Love,
To live in her hair for just as long
As my singing may linger about her heart.
But whose petals shall keep, as shall the song,
Their sweetness when color and voice depart, —
This will I lay at the feet of My Love.

A heart — to lay at the feet of My Love!
To leave it there in its simple truth,
Not for a day, not for a day,
Strong to endure when the heat of youth
And cold mid-age shall have passed away, —
Such heart I lay at the feet of My Love!

— *Hamilton Aïdé*

A SPRING–LOVE SONG

When the earth is waking at the voice of May,
The new grass brightens by the trodden way,
The woods wave welcome to the sweet spring day,
And the sea is growing summer blue;
But fairer, sweeter than the smiling sky,
Or bashful violet with tender eye,
Is she whose love will never die, —
I love you, darling, only you!

Oh, friendships falter when misfortunes frown,
The blossoms vanish when the leaves turn brown,
The shells lie stranded when the tide goes down,
But you, dear heart, are ever true.
The grass grows greenest when the rain drops fall,
The vine clasps closest to the crumbling wall, —
So love blooms sweetest under sorrow's thrall, —
I love you, darling, only you!

Marriage Chimes

The early robin may forget to sing,
The loving mosses may refuse to cling
Or the brook to tinkle at the call of spring,
  But you, dear heart, are ever true.
Let the silver mingle with your curls of
    gold,
Let the years grow dreary and the world
    wax old,
But the love I bear you will ne'er grow cold, —
  I love you, darling, only you!

— *Elizabeth Akers*

MY JEANIE

THOU hast sworn by thy God, my Jeanie,
  By that pretty white hand of thine,
And by a' the lowing stars in heaven,
  That thou wad aye be mine.
And I hae sworn by my God, my Jeanie.
  And by that kind heart of thine,
By a' the stars sown thick owre heaven.
  That thou shalt aye be mine.

Then foul fa' the hands that wad loose sic
    bands,
And the heart that wad part sic love!
But there 's na hand can loose my band,
  But the finger of Him abuve.

Love's Avowal

Though the wee, wee cot maun be my bield,
And my claithing ne'er sae mean,
I wad lap me rich i' the faulds of luve, —
Heaven's armfu' o' my Jean.

Her white arm wad be a pillow for me,
Fu' safter than the down;
And luve wad winnow owre us his kind,
kind wings,
And sweetly I 'd sleep, and soun'.
Come here to me, thou lass o' my luve!
Come here and kneel wi' me!
The morn is fu' o' the presence of God,
And I canna pray without thee.

1847 — *Allan Cunningham*

LOVE'S
DEVOTION

Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister, my bride;
Thou hast ravished my heart with one look from thine eyes,
With one chain of thy neck.
How fair is thy love, my sister, my bride!
How much better is thy love than wine!
And the smell of thine ointments than all manner of spices!
Thy lips, O my bride, drop as the honeycomb:
Honey and milk are under thy tongue;
And the smell of thy garments is like the smell of Lebanon.

— *Cant. 4: 9-11*

Thou art beautiful, O my love, as Tirzah,
Comely as Jerusalem,
Terrible as an army with banners.
Turn away thine eyes from me,
For they have overcome me.

— *Cant. 6: 4, 5*

LOVE'S DEVOTION

NEVERMORE

Alone upon the threshold of my door
Of individual life, I shall command
The uses of my soul, nor lift my hand
Serenely in the sunshine as before,
Without the sense of that which I forbore —
Thy touch upon the palm. The widest land
Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart in mine
With pulses that beat double. What I do
And what I dream include thee, as the wine
Must taste of its own grapes. And when I sue
God for myself, he hears that name of thine,
And sees within my eyes the tears of two.

— *Elizabeth Barrett Browning*

ENDURING LOVE

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,

Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in
my arms,
Like fairy gifts fading away,
That thou would'st still be adored, as this
moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my
heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul may be
known,
To which time will but make thee more
dear!
Oh, the heart that has truly loved never for-
gets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns to her god when he
sets
The same look which she turned when he
rose!

— *Thomas Moore*

SHE IS COMING

THERE has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate;

The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near!"
And the white rose weeps, "She is late";
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear";
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet;
Were it ever so fairy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

— *Tennyson's "Maud"*

DO I LOVE THEE?

Do I love thee? Ask the bee
If she loves the flowery lea,
Where the honeysuckle blows,
And the fragrant clover grows.
As she answers, Yes or No,
Darling, take my answer so.

Do I love thee? Ask the bird
When her matin song is heard,
If she loves the sky so fair,
Fleecy cloud and liquid air.
As she answers, Yes or No,
Darling, take my answer so.

Do I love thee? Ask the flower
If she loves the vernal shower,
Or the kisses of the sun,
Or the dew when day is done.
As she answers, Yes or No,
Darling, take my answer so.

THE KISS OF ONE GIRL

All the breath and the bloom of the year
in the bag of one bee;
All the wonder and wealth of the mine in
the heart of one gem;
In the core of one pearl all the shade and
the shine of the sea:
Breath and bloom, shade and shine, — wonder, wealth, and — how far above them —
Truth, that 's brighter than gem,
Trust, that 's purer than pearl, —
Brightest truth, purest trust in the universe
— all were for me
In the kiss of one girl.

— *Robert Browning*

I COUNT MY TIMES

I count my times by times I meet thee;
These are my yesterdays, my morrows,
noons
And nights; these my old moons and my
new moons.

Slow fly the hours, or fast the hours do
flee,
If thou art far from or art near to me:
If thou art far, the birds' tunes are no
tunes;
If thou art near, the wintry days are
Junes, —
Darkness is light, and sorrow cannot be.
Thou art my dream come true, and thou
my dream,
The air I breathe, the world wherein I
dwell;
My journey's end thou art, and thou the
way;
Thou art what I would be, yet only seem.

— *Richard Watson Gilder*

WHAT I WOULD ASK FOR THEE

WHAT would I ask for thee, wish for
thee, Sweet?
Skies that are peaceful and calm?
Seas that are stormless, and winds that
are soft
As the low breath of a psalm?
No, as I love thee, I ask not that life
Be from all bitterness free;
Something of sunshine and something of
strife,
Dear One, is better for thee.

Yet would I ask for thee out of my love
More of its sunshine than storm,
With just enough of life's shadow and strife
To keep thy heart tender and warm;
Faith to look upward in gladness or gloom,
Hope 'mid the direst defeat,
Strength in all sorrow, and patience in pain,—
These would I ask for thee, Sweet.

These and yet more would I ask for thee, Sweet,—
Grace to be faithful and strong,
Meekness to bear all thy crosses and care,
Courage to battle with wrong.
May the good angels, who watch o'er the good,
Guide thy dear feet as they roam,
And in the land that is better than this
Give thee forever a home!

YOU AND I

THE winter wind is wailing, sad and low,
Across the lake and through the rustling sedge;
The splendor of the golden afterglow
Gleams through the blackness of the great yew hedge;

And this I read on earth and in the sky:
We ought to be together, You and I.

Rapt through its rosy changes into dark,
Fades all the west; and through the shadowy trees,
And in the silent uplands of the park,
Creeps the soft sighing of the breeze.
It does but echo to my weary sigh,
We ought to be together, You and I.

My hand is lonely for your clasping, dear;
My ear is tired, waiting for your call;
I want your strength to help, your laugh to cheer;
Heart, soul and senses need you, one and all.
I droop without your full frank sympathy;
We ought to be together, You and I.

We want each other so, to comprehend
The dream, the hope, things planned, or seen or wrought;
Companion, comforter, and guide, and friend;
As much as love asks love, does thought need thought.
Life is so short, so fast the lone hours fly,
We ought to be together, You and I.

MY WHITE ROSE

TRUE, 'tis only a rose
But her leaves are white.
And her heart is sweet,
And she lives and grows —
For me!

My Rose may seem less fair
To other eyes than mine;
She may not be sweet,
She may not be pure —
To all.

There are some little thorns
Quite hidden from view;
If they were not there,
She would not be here —
For long.

All have more or less pain
And sorrow and care;
But the sunlight comes,
And the smiles return —
In time.

One thing I surely know,
That when I am sad,
And need help the most,
She whispers ofttimes
To me;

So I go on my way,
My load less a load; —
Her hand in His, and
Mine in hers, my sweet
White Rose.

— *Anon.*

I CANNOT HELP LOVING THEE

If the apple grows on the apple tree,
And the wild wind blows o'er the wild-
wood free,
And the deep stream flows to the deeper
sea;
And they cannot help growing, and blow-
ing, and flowing,
I cannot help loving thee.

But if wild winds blew no more on the lea,
And no blossoms grew on the healthy tree,
And the river untrue escaped to the sea,
And they all had ceased growing, and
blowing, and flowing,
I 'd never cease loving thee.

And till that hour in the day or night,
In the field or bower, in the dark or light,
In the fruit or flower, in the bloom or blight,
In my reaping or sowing, my coming or
going,
I 'll never cease loving thee.

— *Anon.*

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and
height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
I love to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's
faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints, — I love thee with the
breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life! and, if God
choose,
I shall love thee better after death.

— *Elizabeth Barrett Browning*

A RED, RED ROSE

O^H, my luve 's like a red, red rose,
That 's newly sprung in June!
Oh, my luve 's like the melodie
That 's sweetly played in tune!

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I;

And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun,
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

— *Robert Burns*

BEAUTY UNSEEN

Love took me softly by the hand,
Love led me all the country o'er,
And showed me beauty in the land,
That I had never seen before —
Never before — never before —
O Love, sweet Love!

There was a glory in the morn,
There was a calmness in the night,
A mildness in the south wind borne,
That I have never felt aright,
Never aright — never aright —
O Love, sweet Love!

But now it cannot pass away —
I feel it whereso'er I go,
And in my heart by night and day
Its gladness moveth to and fro;
By night and day — by night and day —
O Love, sweet Love!

— *Anon.*

A LOVER'S VOW

. . . To my room
I went, and closed and locked the door,
And cast myself down on my bed,
And there, with many a blissful tear,
I vowed to love and prayed to wed
The maiden who had grown so dear;
Thanked God who had set her in my path;
And promised, as I hoped to win
I never would sully my faith
By the least selfishness or sin;
Whatever in her sight I 'd seem,
I 'd really be; I 'd never blend
With my delight in her a dream
'T would change her cheek to comprehend;
And, if she wished it, I 'd prefer
Another's to my own success;
And always seek the best for her
With unofficious tenderness.

Rising, I breathed a brighter clime,
And found myself all self above,
And, with a charity sublime,
Contemned not those who did not love;
And I could not but feel that then
I shone with something of her grace,
And went forth to my fellow men,
My commendation in my face.

— *Coventry Patmore*, "*The Angel in the House*"

FAR SWEETER

STRANGE! that one lightly-whispered tone
Is far, far sweeter unto me,
Than all the sounds that kiss the earth,
Or breathe along the sea;
But, lady, when thy voice I greet,
Not heavenly music seems so sweet.

I look upon the fair blue skies,
And naught but empty air I see;
But when I turn me to thine eyes,
It seemeth unto me
Ten thousand angels spread their wings
Within those little azure rings.

The lily hath the softest leaf
That ever western breeze hath fanned,
But thou shalt have the tender flower,
So I may take thy hand;
That little hand to me doth yield
More joy than all the broidered field.

O lady! there be many things
That seem right fair, below, above;
But sure not one among them all
Is half so sweet as love;—
Let us not pay our vows alone,
But join two altars both in one.

— *Oliver Wendell Holmes*

THE LITTLE RIFT

In Love, if Love be Love, if Love be ours,
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers:
Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

It is the little rift within the lute
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all.

The little rift within the lover's lute,
Or little speck in garnered fruit,
That rotting inward slowly moulders all.

It is not worth the keeping: let it go:
But shall it? answer, darling: answer, No.
And trust me not at all or all in all.

— *Alfred Tennyson*

THE MIGHT OF ONE FAIR FACE

The might of one fair face sublimes my love,
For it hath weaned my heart from low desires;
Nor death I heed, nor purgatorial fires.
Thy beauty, antepast of joys above,
Instructs me in the bliss that saints approve;
For oh, how good, how beautiful, must be
The God that made so good a thing as thee,
So fair an image of the heavenly Dove!

Forgive me, if I cannot turn away
From those sweet eyes that are my earthly heaven;
For they are guiding stars, benignly given
To tempt my footsteps to the upward way;
And if I dwell too fondly in thy sight,
I live and love in God's peculiar light.

— *Michael Angelo, tr. by Hartley Coleridge*

MY QUEEN

WHAT you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I 'd have you do it ever; when you sing,
I 'd have you buy and sell so, so give alms,
Pray so; and, for the ordering of your affairs,
To sing them too; when you do dance, I wish you
A wave of the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function. Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deed,
That all your acts are queens.

— *Shakespeare, "The Winter's Tale"*

A DEATHLESS FLOWER

YES, hope may with my strong desire keep pace,
And I be undeluded, unbetrayed:
For if of our affections none find grace
In sight of heaven, then wherefore hath God made
The world which we inhabit? Better plea
Love cannot have than that in loving thee
Glory to that eternal peace is paid,
Who such divinity to thee imparts
As hallows and makes pure all gentle hearts.
His hope is treacherous only whose love dies
With beauty, which is varying every hour:
But in chaste hearts, uninfluenced by the power
Of outward change, there blooms a deathless flower,
That breathes on earth the air of Paradise.

— *Michael Angelo, tr. by William Wordsworth*

A CHAIN

THE bond that links our souls together,
Will it last through stormy weather?
Will it moulder and decay
As the long hours pass away?

Will it stretch if Fate divide us,
When dark and weary hours have tried us?
Oh, if it look too poor and slight,
Let us break the links to-night!

Yet what no mortal hand could make,
No mortal power can ever break;
What words or vows could never do,
No words or vows can make untrue;
And, if to other hearts unknown,
The dearer and the more our own,
Because too sacred and divine
For other eyes, save thine and mine.

And see! though slender, it is made
Of Love and Trust; and can they fade?
While, if too slight it seem to bear
The breathings of the summer air,
We know that it could bear the weight
Of a most heavy heart of late,
And as each day and hour flew
The stronger for its burthen grew.

And, too, we know and feel again
It has been sanctified by pain;
For what God deigns to try with sorrow
He means not to decay to-morrow;

But through that fiery trial last,
When earthly ties and bonds are past;
What slighter things dare not endure
Will make our Love more safe and pure.

Love shall be purified by Pain,
And Pain be soothed by Love again;
So let us now take heart and go
Cheerfully on through joy and woe.
No change the summer sun can bring,
Or the inconstant skies of spring,
Or the bleak winter's stormy weather,
For we shall meet them, Love, together!

— *Adelaide Anne Procter*

MARRIAGE

And the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him an help meet for him. . . . Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife: and they shall be one flesh.— Gen. 2 : 18, 24.

Have ye not read, that he which made them from the beginning made them male and female, and said, For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife; and the twain shall become one flesh? So that they are no more twain, but one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.— Matt. 19 : 4-6.

There was a marriage in Cana . . . and Jesus also was bidden, and his disciples, to the marriage. — John 2 : 1, 2.

MARRIAGE

AND on her lover's arm she leant,
And round her waist she felt it fold,
And far across the fields she went
In that new world which is the old.

* * * * *

And o'er the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
Beyond the night, across the day,
Thro' all the world she followed him.

— *Tennyson's "The Day-Dream"*

TWO LOVES

TWO Loves came up a long, wide aisle,
And knelt at a low, white gate;
One, tender and true, with the shyest smile,
One, strong, true and elate.

Two lips spoke in a firm, true way,
And two lips answered soft and low;
In one true hand such a little hand lay
Fluttering, frail as a flake of snow.

One stately head bent humbly there,
Stilled with the throbbings of human love;

Marriage Chimes

One head drooped down like a lily fair:
  Two prayers went, wing to wing, above.

God blessed them both in the holy place;
  A long, brief moment, the rite was done:
On the human love fell the heavenly grace,
  Making two hearts forever one.

Between two lengthening rows of smiles.—
  One sweetly shy, one proud, elate.—
Two Loves passed down the long, wide aisles.
  Will they ever forget the low, white gate?

— Adam Joseph Ryan

NOW THE RITE IS DONE

Now the rite is duly done.
  Now the word is spoken.
And the spell has made us one
  Which may ne'er be broken:
Rest we, dearest, in our home.—
  Roam we o'er the heather.—
We shall rest, and we shall roam.
  Shall we not? together.

From this hour the summer rose
  Sweeter breathes to charm us;
From this hour the winter snows
  Lighter fall to harm us:

Fair or foul, on land or sea,
  Come the wind or weather,
Best or worst, whate'er they be,
  We shall share together.

Death, who friend from friend can part,
  Brother rend from brother,
Shall but link us, heart and heart,
  Closer to each other:
We will call his anger play,
  Deem his dart a feather,
When we meet him on our way
  Hand in hand together.

— *Winthrop Mackworth Praed*

THE PRIMAL MARRIAGE BLESSING

"*A threefold cord is not quickly broken.*" — *Eccl. 4: 12.*

THE voice that breathed o'er Eden,
  That earliest wedding-day,
The primal marriage blessing,
  Hath never passed away.

Still in the pure espousal
  Of Christian man and maid,
The holy Three are with us,
  The threefold grace is said.

Marriage Chimes

Be present, awful Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierced side:

Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As thou didst bind two natures
In thine eternal bands:

Be present, holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As thou for Christ, the Bridegroom,
The heavenly Spouse doth seal.

Oh, spread thy pure wing o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
When onward to thine altar
The hallowed path they trace,

To cast their crowns before thee
In perfect sacrifice,
Till to the home of gladness
With Christ's own Bride they rise.
Amen.

July 12, 1857. —*John Keble*

THE LORD'S BLESSING

How welcome was the call,
And sweet the festal lay,
When Jesus deigned in Cana's hall
To bless the marriage-day!

And happy was the bride,
And glad the bridegroom's heart,
For He who tarried at their side
Bade grief and ill depart.

His gracious power divine
The water vessels knew;
And plenteous was the mystic wine
The wondering servants drew.

O Lord of life and love,
Come thou again to-day,
And bring a blessing from above
That ne'er shall pass away.

Oh, bless, as erst of old,
The bridegroom and the bride;
Bless with the holier stream that flowed
Forth from thy piercéd side!

Before thine altar-throne
This mercy we implore;
As thou dost knit them, Lord, in one,
So bless them evermore. Amen.

1861. — *Sir Henry Williams Baker*

Marriage Chimes

EVEN in the happiest choice, where fav'ring heaven
Has equal love and easy fortune given,
Think not, the husband gained, that all is done;
The prize of happiness must still be won:
And oft the careless find it to their cost,
The lover in the husband may be lost:
The graces might alone his heart allure;
They and the virtues meeting must secure.

— *Lord Lyttleton*

OH, life is not perfect with Love's first kiss;
Who would win the blessing must wrestle;
And the deeper the sorrow, the dearer the bliss,
That in its rich core may nestle!
Our angels oft greet us in tearful guise,
And our saviors come in sorrow;
While the murkiest midnight that frowns from the skies
Is at heart a radiant to-morrow!
We laugh and we cry, we sing and we sigh,
And life will have wintry weather!
So we 'll hope, and love on, since you, love, and I
Are husband and wife together.

— *Gerald Massey*

OUR WEDDING DAY

I

"It was our wedding day
A month ago," dear heart, I hear you say.
If months, or years, or ages since have passed,
I know not: I have ceased to question Time.
I only know that once there pealed a chime
Of joyous bells, and then I held you fast,
And all stood back, and none my right denied,
And forth we walked: the world was free and wide
Before us. Since that day
I count my life: the Past is washed away.

II

It was no dream, that vow:
It was the voice that woke me from a dream,—
A happy dream, I think; but I am waking now,
And drink the splendor of a sun supreme
That turns the mist of former tears to gold.
Within these arms I hold
The fleeting promise, chased so long in vain:

Ah, weary bird! thou wilt not fly again;
Thy wings are clipped, thou canst no more depart,—
Thy nest is builded in my heart.

III

I was the crescent; thou
The silver phantom of the perfect sphere
Held in its bosom: in one glory now
Our lives united shine, and many a year —
Not the sweet moon of the bridal only — we
One lustre, ever at the full shall be:
One pure and rounded light, one planet whole,
One life developed, one completed soul!
For I in thee, and thou in me,
Unite our cloven halves of destiny.

— *Bayard Taylor*

LOVE'S PRELUDES

"I SHOULD be happy," with a look
Towards her husband where he lay,
Lost in the pages of his book,
Soft did she say.

"I am, and yet no lot below
For one whole day eludeth care;
To marriage all the stories flow
And finish there;

"As if with marriage came the end,
The entrance into settled rest,
The calm to which love's tossings tend,
The quiet breast.

"For me love played the low preludes,
Yet life began but with the ring,
Such infinite solicitudes
Around it cling."

—*Jean Ingelow*

THE MARRIED LOVER

WHY, having won her, do I woo?
Because her spirit's vestal grace
Provokes me always to pursue,
But, spirit like, eludes embrace;
Because her womanhood is such
That, as on court-days subjects kiss
The queen's hand, yet so near a touch
Affirms no mean familiarness,—
Nay, rather marks more fair the height
Which can with safety so neglect
To dread, as lower ladies might,
That grace should meet with disrespect:
Thus she with happy favor feeds
Allegiance from a Love so high
That thence no false conceit proceeds,
Of difference bridged, or state put by;

Because, although in act and word
As lowly as a wife can be,
Her manners, when they call me lord,
Remind me 't is by courtesy;
Not with her least consent of will,
Which would my proud affection hurt,
But by the noble style that still
Imputes an unattained desert.

— *Coventry Patmore*

A WINSOME WEE THING

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,
I never lo'ed a dearer,
And neist my heart I'll wear her,
For fear my jewel tine.

The world's wrack we share o' t,
The warstle and the care o' t;
Wi' her I 'll blithely bear it,
And think my lot divine.

— *Robert Burns*

HOME

Let the husband render unto the wife her due: and likewise also the wife unto the husband.— I Cor. 7 : 3.

Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself up for it; . . . Even so ought husbands also to love their own wives as their own bodies. He that loveth his own wife loveth himself: for no man ever hated his own flesh; but nourisheth and cherisheth it, even as Christ also the church.— Eph. 5 : 25, 28, 29.

Strength and dignity are her clothing;
And she laugheth at the time to come.
She openeth her mouth with wisdom;
And the law of kindness is on her tongue.
She looketh well to the ways of her household,
And eateth not the bread of idleness.
Her children rise up, and call her blessed;
Her husband also, and he praiseth her.

— Prov. 31 : 25-28

THE HOME

THE KING AND KINGDOM

DARK is the night, and fitful and drearily
Rushes the wind like the waves of the sea:
Little care I, as here I sit cheerily,
Wife at my side and my baby on knee.
King, king, crown me the king:
Home is the kingdom, and love is the king!

Flashes the firelight upon the dear faces,
Dearer and dearer as onward we go,
Forces the shadow behind us, and places
Brightness around us with warmth in the glow.
King, king, crown me the king:
Home is the kingdom, and love is the king!

Flashes the lovelight, increasing the glory,
Beaming from bright eyes with warmth of the soul,

Marriage Chimes

Telling of trust and content the sweet story.
Lifting the shadows that over us roll.
King, king, crown me the king:
Home is the kingdom, and love is the king!

Richer than miser with perishing treasure.
Served with a service no conquest could bring;
Happy with fortune that words cannot measure,
Light-hearted I on the hearthstone can sing,
King, king, crown me the king:
Home is the kingdom, and love is the king!

— *William Rankin Duryea*

NOT FOUR SQUARE WALLS

HOME 's not merely four square walls,
Though with pictures hung and gilded:
Home is where affection calls,
Filled with shrines the heart hath builded!
Home! go watch the faithful dove,
Sailing 'neath the heaven above us;
Home is where there 's one to love!
Home is where there 's one to love us!

Home 's not merely roof and room ;
It needs something to endear it ;
Home is where the heart can bloom,
Where there 's some kind heart to cheer it !

What is home with none to meet,
None to welcome, none to greet us ?
Home is sweet, and only sweet,
When there 's one we love to meet us !

— *Charles Swain*

O HAPPY HOUSE

" *O selig Haus, wo man Dich aufgenommen.*"

O HAPPY house ! where man and wife in heart,
In faith, and hope are one,
That neither life nor death can part
The holy union here begun ;
Where both are sharing one salvation,
And live before thee, Lord, always,
In gladness or in tribulation,
In happy or in evil days.

O happy house ! whose little ones are given
Early to thee, in faith and prayer,—

To thee, their Friend, who from the heights
of heaven
Guards them with more than mother's
care.
O happy house! where little voices
Their glad hosannas love to raise,
And childhood's lisping tongue rejoices
To bring new songs of love and praise.

O happy house! and happy servitude!
Where all alike one Master own;
Where daily duty, in Thy strength pursued,
Is never hard nor toilsome known;
Where each one serves Thee, meek and
lowly,
Whatever thine appointment be,
Till common tasks seem great and holy,
When they are done as unto Thee.

— *Karl Johann Philipp Spitta,*
tr. by Mrs. Eric Findlater

OUR HOME

When daily tasks are done, and tiréd
hands
Lie still and folded on the resting knee;
When loving thoughts have leave to loose
their bands,
And wander over past and future free:

When visions bright of love and hope fulfilled
Bring weary eyes a spark of olden fire,
One castle fairer than the rest we build,
One blessing more than others we desire:
A home, our home, wherein, all waiting past,
We two may stand together, and alone;
Our patient taskwork finished, and at last
Love's perfect blessedness and peace our own —
Some little nest of safety and delight,
Guarded by God's good angels day and night.

We cannot guess if this dear home shall lie
In some green spot embowered with arching trees,
Where bird-notes, joined with brook-notes gliding by,
Shall make us music as we sit at ease;
Or if amid the city's busy din
Is built the nest for which we look and long,
No sound shall mar the peace within,
The calm of love that time has proved so strong;

Or if,— ah, solemn thought! — this home
of ours
Doth lie beyond the world's confusing noise,
And if the nest be built in Eden's bowers,
What do we still, but silently rejoice?

We have a home, but of its happy state
We know not yet. We are content to wait.

A TRUE HOME

WHAT is a home? A guarded space
Wherein a few, unfairly blest,
Shall sit together, face to face,
And bask, and purr, and be at rest?

Where cushioned walls rise up between
Its inmates and the common air,
The common pain, and pad and screen
From blows of fate or winds of care?

Where Art may blossom strong and free,
And Pleasure furl her silken wing,
And every moment laden be,
A precious and peculiar thing?

And Past and Future, softly veiled
In hiding mists, shall float and lie
Forgotten half, and unassailed
By either Hope or Memory,

While the luxurious Present weaves
Her perfumed spells untried, untrue,
'Broiders her garments, heaps her sheaves,
All for the pleasure of a few?

Can it be this — the longed-for thing
Which wanderers on the restless foam,
Unsheltered beggars, birds on wing,
Aspire to, dream of, christen "Home"?

No. Art may bloom, and peace and bliss;
Grief may refrain and Death forget;
But if there be no more than this
The soul of home is wanting yet.

Dim image from far glory caught,
Fair type of fairer things to be,
The true home rises in our thought
As beacon for all men to see.

Its lamps burn freely in the night;
Its fire-glows, unchidden, shed
Their cheering and abounding light
On homeless folk uncomforted.

Each sweet and secret thing within
Gives out a fragrance on the air —
A thankful breath sent forth to win
A little smile from others' care.

The few, they bask in closer heat;
  The many catch the further ray;
Life higher seems, the world more sweet,
  And hope and heaven less far away.

So the old miracle anew
  Is wrought on earth and provèd good,
And crumbs apportioned for a few,
  God-blessed, suffice a multitude.

— *Susan Coolidge*

A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT

SHE was a phantom of delight
  When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;

A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveler between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill:
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

— *William Wordsworth*

WE FELL OUT

As through the land at eve we went,
And plucked the ripened ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
Oh, we fell out, I know not why,
And kissed again with tears.

For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
Oh, there above the little grave,
We kissed again with tears.

— *Alfred Tennyson*

A GOLDEN DAY

A YOUNG wife stood at the lattice-pane.
In a study sad and brown.
Watching the dreary ceaseless rain
Steadily pouring down:
Drip! drip! drip!
It kept on its tireless play:
And the little woman sighed, "Ah me!
What a wretched, weary day!"

An eager hand at the door,
A step as of one in haste,
A kiss on her lips once more,
And an arm around her waist:
Throb! throb! throb!
Went her little heart grateful and gay,
As she thought with a smile, "Well, after all,
It is n't so dull a day!"

Forgot was the plashing rain
And the lowering skies above.
For the somber room was lighted again
By the blessed sun of love:
"Love! love! love!"
Ran the little wife's murmured lay:
"Without, it may threaten and frown if it will;
Within, what a golden day!"

— *Anon.*

RESPECTFUL LOVE

KEEP your undrest, familiar style
For strangers, but respect your friend,—
Her most, whose matrimonial smile
Is and asks honor without end.
'T is found, and needs must be so,
That life from love's allegiance flags,
When Love forgets his majesty
In sloth's unceremonious rags.
Love should make home a stately Court:
There let the world's rude, hasty ways
Be fashioned to a better port,
And learn to bow and stand at gaze;
And let the sweet respective sphere
Of personal worship there obtain
Circumference for moving clear,
None treading on another's train.
This makes that pleasures do not cloy,
And dignifies our mortal strife
With calmness and considerate joy,
Befitting our immortal life.

— *Coventry Patmore*

MY WIFE

SHE who sleeps upon my heart
Was the first to win it;
She who dreams upon my breast
Ever reigns within it.

Marriage Chimes

She who kisses oft my lips
  Wakes their warmest blessing;
She who rests within my arms
  Feels their closest pressing.

Other days than these shall come,
Days that may be dreary;
Other hours shall greet us yet,
  Hours that may be weary;
Still this heart may be thy throne,
  Still this breast thy pillow,
Still these lips shall meet thine oft,
  As billow meeteth billow.

Sleep, then, on my happy heart,
  Since thy love has won it;
Dream, then, on my loyal breast;
  None but thou hast done it;
And when our age shall change,
  With its wintry weather,
May we in the self-same grave
  Sleep and dream together.

— *Anon.*

HOME JOYS

SWEET are the joys of Home,
  And pure as sweet; for they,
Like dews of morn and evening, come
  To wake and close the day.

The Home

The world hath its delights,
And its delusions, too.
But Home to calmer bliss invites,
More tranquil and more true.

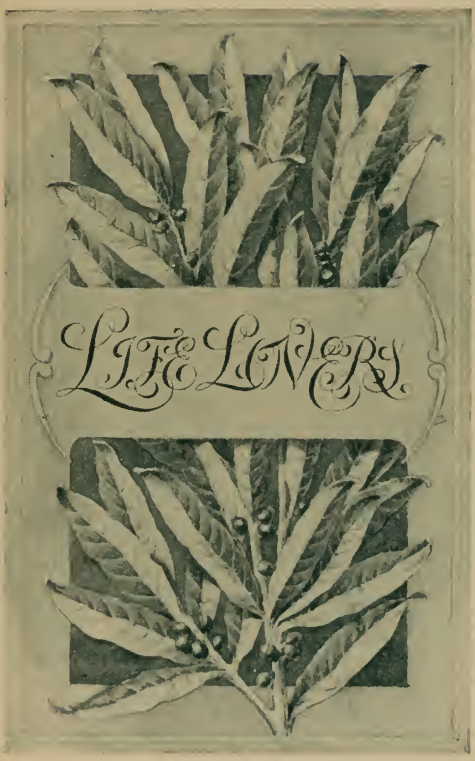
The mountain flood is strong,
But fearful in its pride,
While gently rolls the stream along
The peaceful valley's side.

Life's charities, like light,
Spread smilingly afar;
But stars, approached, become more bright,
And Home is life's own star.

The pilgrim's step in vain
Seeks Eden's sacred ground;
But in Home's holy joys again
An Eden may be found.

A glimpse of heaven to see,
To none on earth is given;
And yet a happy family
Is but an earlier heaven.

—*John Bowring*


LIFE LINERY

As the sun when it ariseth in the highest places of the Lord,
So is the beauty of a good wife in the ordering of a man's house.
As the lamp shineth upon the holy candlestick,
So is the beauty of the face in ripe age.

— Ecclesiasticus : Book II, 6

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, John,
We 've had wi' ane anither ;
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we 'll go,
An' sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

— Robert Burns

LIFE-LOVERS

THREE LOVES IN A LIFE

"I LOVE," "And I love," "And I love too,"
They all loved well, and they loved but one.
Each heart was hers, and each heart was true:
By which shall she, the beloved, be won?
Strong on each was her gentle thrall;
Oh, how dear was she held by all!

The first was a youth in opening life;
And he was charmed by her beauty rare,
With the face and form of his fair young wife,
With her sweet blue eye and her silken hair.
Gazing then on her charms with pride,
Oh, how dear was his lovely bride!

The next had lived to his manhood's prime;
And he admired all her thoughts so wise,—

How gracefully, at fit place and time,
  Counsels sage to her lips would rise.
Her woman's wit would silence strife.
Oh, how dear was his prudent wife!

The last is an older, life-worn man:
  And he delights in her tender heart,
Which loveth as only woman's can,
  And cheers him with woman's heaven-taught art.
This loving heart is all his own:
Oh, how dear has his fond wife grown!

In youth I saw a maiden fair:
  And finding beauty, I sought no more,
But I loved and wedded as youth will dare,
  And little I knew of the prize I bore.
Proud was I 'midst my fellow-men:
Dear to me was my young wife then.

But as life advanced and cares came thick,
  On every side came pressing round,
Till my wearied heart grew faint and sick, —
  Ever her at my side I found,
With words of counsel wise and free:
Dearer still was she then to me.

Her hair is gray, and her sweet blue eyes,
  Though loving still, are no longer bright:

And I list not now for her thoughts so wise;
But far stronger ties our hearts unite.
Dear through life she has ever been;
Dearest now at its close serene.

SUMMER IN THE HEART

DEAREST heart, the leaves are falling.
And the summer burneth low;
And I hear the crickets calling
When the twilight fadeth slow.
Once again the flowers are dying,
And the glad birds southward start;
But no cause have we for sighing,
For 't is summer in the heart.
Yes, 't is summer in the heart;
Bird and blossom may depart,
But our love will hold forever,
Glad, sweet summer in the heart.

Winter snows will soon be lying
Cold and white on vale and hill;
Winter birds will soon be sighing
Through the branches bare and chill;
But the icy breezes never
To our lives their chill impart,
For our love doth keep, forever,
Glorious summer in the heart.

Yes, 't is summer in the heart;
Snows may fall and tear-drops start,
But the soul that loves, forever
Keepeth summer in the heart.

Hand in hand through life together,
You and I have journeyed long;
Laughing at the stormy weather,
Meeting trouble with a song.
Sorrow's storms have beat around us;
Oft we 've felt the tear-drops start;
But, wherever trouble found us,
Love kept summer in the heart.
Yes, 't was summer in the heart;
Griefs might come and joys depart,
But the sunshine lingered with us.—
Love made summer in the heart.

So, at last, when death shall find us
Watching, waiting, hand in hand,
With life's summer time behind us,
And our feet upon the strand,
Though upon the shore we sever,
Drifting for a while apart,
We shall meet and feel, forever,
Endless summer in the heart.
There 'll be summer in the heart:
Though awhile we drift apart,
Love will bring, beyond the shadows,
Endless summer to the heart.

—*J. S. Cutler*

NEVER OLD

I LOOKED in the tell-tale mirror,
And saw the marks of care,—
The crow's-feet and the wrinkles,
And the gray in the dark brown hair.
My wife looked over my shoulder;
Most beautiful was she;
"Thou wilt never grow old, my Love,"
she said,
"Never grow old to me."

"For age is the chilling of the heart;
And thine, as mine can tell,
Is as young and warm as when first we
heard
The sound of our bridal bell!"
I turned and kissed her ripe red lips:
"Let time do its worst on me,
If in my soul, my Love, my Faith,
I never seem old to thee!"

THE WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

O LOVE, it is our wedding day!
This morn — how swift the sea-
sons flee! —
A virgin morn of cloudless May,
You gave your loyal hand to me,—
Your dainty hand, clasped sweet and sure
As Love's sweet self, forevermore!

Marriage Chimes

O Love, it is our wedding day!
The very rustling of your dress,
The trembling of your arm that lay
On mine with timorous happiness,
Your fluttering breath and faint footfall,—
Ah, sweet, I hear, I see them all!

O Love, it is our wedding day!
And backward Time's strange current rolls
Till life's and love's auspicious May
Once more is blooming in our souls,
And, lark-like, swells the song of hope,
Your blissful bridal horoscope.

O Love, it is our wedding day!
Yet say, did those fair hopes but sing,
Lapped in the tuneful morn of May,
To lie or droop on faltering wing,
When noontide heats and evening chills
Made pale the flowers and veiled the hills?

O Love, it is our wedding day,
And none of those glad hopes of youth,
Thrilled to its height, outpoured a lay
To match our future's simple truth;
Though deep the joy of vow and shrine,
Our wedded calm is more divine!

O Love, it is our wedding day!
Life's summer, with slow-waning beam,
Tints near the autumn's cloud-land gray
To softness of a fairy dream,
Whence peace, by musing pathos kissed,
Smiles through a veil of golden mist.

O Love, it is our wedding day!
The conscious winds are whispering low
Those passionate secrets of the May
Fraught with your kisses long ago,
When memories of our years remote
Are trembling in the mock-bird's throat.

O Love, it is our wedding day,—
And not a thrush in woodland bowers,
And not a rivulet's silvery lay,
Nor tiny bee-song 'mid the flowers,
Nor any voice on land or sea,
But deepens love to ecstasy!

Our wedding day! The soul's noontide!
In these rare words at watchful rest
What sweet, melodious meanings hide
Like birds within one balmy nest,
Each quivering with an impulse strong
To flood all heaven and earth with song!

— *Paul Hamilton Hayne*

THOU AND I

APRIL days are over!
O my gay young lover.
Forth we fare together
In the soft May weather;
Forth we wander, hand in hand,
Seeking an enchanted land
Underneath a smiling sky,
So blithely,— Thou and I.

Soft spring days are over!
O my ardent lover,
Many a hill together,
In the July weather,
Climb we when the days are long
And the summer heats are strong,
And the harvest wains go by,
So bravely,— Thou and I.

July days are over!
O my faithful lover,
Side by side together
In the August weather,
When the swift, wild storms befall us,
And the fiery darts appall us,
Wait we till the clouds sweep by,
And stars shine,— Thou and I.

Life-Lovers

Summer days are over!
O my one true lover,
Sit we now alone together
In the early autumn weather;
From our nest the birds have flown
To fair dreamlands of their own;
And we see the days go by,
In silence,— Thou and I.

Storm and stress are over!
O my friend and lover,
Closer now we lean together
In the Indian summer weather;
See the bright leaves falling, falling,
Hear the low winds calling, calling,
Glad to let the world go by
Unheeding,— Thou and I.

Winter days are over!
O my life-long lover,
Rest we now in peace together
Out of reach of changeful weather;
Not a sound can mar our sleeping,—
Breath of laughter or of weeping
May not reach us where we lie,
Uncaring,— Thou and I.

—*Julia Caroline Ripley-Dorr*

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

PAGE

A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind 8
A song — to lay at the feet of My Love . . . 30
A young wife stood at the lattice-pane 78
All mankind love a lover 13
All the breath and the bloom of the year in the bag of one bee 40
And on her lover's arm she leant 57
April days are over 92
Ask not of me, love, what is love 5
As through the land at eve we went 77
Behold me! I am worthy 10
Believe me, if all those endearing young charms 37
Blessed through love are the gods — through love 9
But hark! a rap comes gently to the door . . 21
Dark is the night, and fitful and drearily . . . 69
Dearest heart, the leaves are falling 87
Do I love thee? Ask the bee 39
Even in the happiest choice, where fav'ring heaven 62
Except I be by Sylvia in the night 8
God makes sech nights, all white and still . . 24
Good shepherd, tell this youth what 't is to love 7
Home 's not merely four square walls 70
How do I love thee? Let me count the ways . 46
How welcome was the call 61

Index of First Lines

	PAGE
I count my times by times I meet thee	40
I looked in the tell-tale mirror	89
"I love," "And I love," "And I love too"	85
"I should be happy," with a look	64
I would not be a rose upon the wall	10
If the apple grows on the apple tree	45
In Love, if Love be Love, if Love be ours	50
In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed	7
It is a dream, sweet child! a waking dream	5
"It was our wedding day	63
Keep your undrest, familiar style	79
Let me not to the marriage of true minds	15
Love can sun the Realms of Light	9
Love has no thought of self	11
Love is not made of kisses, or of sighs	16
Love is not to be bought — 't is of the soul	11
Love is the root of creation; God's essence; worlds without number	6
Love keeps the cold out better than a cloak	6
Love lieth deep; Love dwells not in lip depths	11
Love reflects the thing beloved	11
Love 's too precious to be lost	11
Love took me softly by the hand	47
Love! what a volume in a word! an ocean in a tear	12
My true love hath my heart, and I have his	29
Nevermore	37
Now the rite is duly done	58
O happy house! where man and wife in heart	71
O Love, it is our wedding day	89
O splendid sun that shone above	14
O that the desert were my dwelling-place	9
Oh, life is not perfect with Love's first kiss	62

Index of First Lines

PAGE

Oh, Love is not a summer mood 13
Oh, Love is weak 15
Oh Love! young Love! bound in thy rosy band . 8
Oh, my luve 's like a red, red rose 46
She is a winsome wee thing 66
She knew she was by him beloved — she knew . 9
She stood breast high amid the corn 28
She was a phantom of delight 76
She was his life 9
She who sleeps upon my heart 79
So these lives that had run thus far in separate channels 6
Strange! that one lightly-whispered tone . . . 49
Sweet are the joys of Home 80
Thank God for Love: though Love may hurt and wound 12
The bond that links our souls together 52
The might of one fair face sublimes my love . 50
The sweetest joy, the wildest woe is love . . . 5
The truth of truths is love 5
The voice that breathed o'er Eden 59
The winter wind is wailing, sad and low . . . 42
Then we talked — oh, how we talked! her voice so cadenced in the talking 10
There has fallen a splendid tear 38
Thou hast sworn by thy God, my Jeanie . . . 32
To my room 48
Together we walked in the evening time . . . 23
True love 's the gift which God has given . . 7
True, 't is only a rose 44
Two Loves came up a long, wide aisle 57
What is a home? A guarded space 74

Index of First Lines

PAGE

What! keep a week away? seven days and nights 8
What would I ask for thee, wish for thee, Sweet 41
What you do 51
When daily tasks are done, and tiréd hands . . 72
When the earth is waking at the voice of May . 31
Where is another sweet as my sweet 21
Why, having won her, do I woo 65
Yes, hope may with my strong desire keep pace 52
Yes, Love indeed is light from heaven 8

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